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Fellowship

ANDRÉ TROCMÉ *"Radical for Peace"*

Everyone Should See Europe. by Alfred Hassler

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ff Alfred Hassler and George Houser, who spent May and June investigating (first time for both of them) the continent of Europe, will give FELLOWSHIP's readers the benefit of their impressions and insights on the general political and cultural situation, and the pacifist movement and pacifist personalities on the other side. Al does the first this month in his usual colorful and penetrating style, and George will report later on the pacifist scene. . . . With this issue, FELLOWSHIP begins a new series of covers on Pacifist personalities. First is Andre Trocme, in this country for the Robert Treat Paine Foundation to lecture at seminaries and theological schools, as well as the National FOR Conference. A biographical sketch of M. Trocme appears in this issue. . . . Vera Brittain, whose letters from England and other points on the globe have been too long absent from our pages, is back with a report on Festival Year. . . . Howard Brinton of Pendle Hill contributes this month's meditation.

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Everyone Should See Europe

By ALFRED HASSLER

EVERY American should see Europe.

Not all at the same time, of course, since then they would see more Americans than Europeans, which would be self-defeating. But every American—and certainly every American pacifist—should see Europe.

I will go further. Every American should see Europe in much the same way in which we—George Houser and I—saw it.

We went to Europe as part of our work for the national staff of the FOR, but, wisely, we were not sent on a speaking trip. We were free agents, with instructions to learn as much as we could about Europe and its people—their way of life, their politics, their pacifists—about anything that would equip us to do a better job of making peace.

That attitude reaped dividends from the first. "It will be a real novelty," wrote one German, "to have Americans come to Germany to learn. Most of them come to teach us, well aware that they themselves already know all the answers."

We stayed away from the conventional tourist pattern as much as possible. We bought a little French automobile in Paris—which we later resold—and that gave us a flexibility impossible to those who travel by train. It was a tiny car by American standards, weighing only 1250 pounds and averaging better than 45 miles to the gallon of gas, but it squirmed through narrow streets and climbed sturdily over the Alps with a sure-footed ease that would astonish Americans who think that comfortable traveling is possible only in Detroit's ponderous road locomotives.

Indeed, our Renault and the thousands of other light, maneuverable little cars that dart about the European cities cracked one of our first illusions—that of unquestioned American mechanical supremacy. The European auto manufacturers have far outdistanced their American counterparts in providing safe, economical motor transportation with a minimum of expensive frills. It is the tough luck of the Europeans, of course, that the economic earthquake of two World Wars obliges them to sell as many of their cars as possible on the export market, and makes it impossible for most of them to own the very cars they produce.

Our Renault improved our trip at three points: it eliminated almost all the baggage-laden strain of rushing to catch trains that brings so many travelers home in a state of near-exhaustion; it made it possible for us to get into the villages and rural areas that many tourists never see except from a speeding train window; and it reduced our expenses. We drove 8,400 kilometres—about 5,300 miles—through eight countries, for a total transportation cost of $45 each!

Impressions Crowd In

Impressions and experiences crowd in on the American who visits Europe for the first time, at a rate almost impossible to assimilate. The incalculable wealth of artistic and cultural beauty that fills its cities, particularly in Italy. The sense of history, as names and places that are milestones of man's struggle for community become realities. The physical beauty of the continent, that crowds into so short a trip the immaculate precision of Holland's hospital villages and great fields of tulips; the rolling green of France and Germany with the careful conservation that has transformed high hills into geometric patterns of terraced farmland; the breathtaking vistas of the Riviera, where great mountains climb straight out of the curving blue bays of the Mediterranean—surely the most beautiful drive in the world; and the rugged strength of the Alps reaching three miles into the sky, their peaks shrouded so deep in snow that many of the passes were still closed in mid-June. Our cameras, loaded with color film, were kept busy whenever the sun shone.

Some of our preconceptions were confirmed. The English actually do drink all that tea, perhaps as a compensation for the fact that, in hotels and restaurants at least, they are the worst cooks in all Europe. While, on the other hand, the pastry of France and Holland is a gastronome's dream.

Other notions passed along by people who ought to have known better expired promptly. The widely reported rapacity of the European, who is supposed to greet every incoming American with outstretched palm and the glint of dollars in his eyes, proved almost completely fictitious. It may be that in the luxury hotels, where the tourists wear their bankrolls on their sleeves, there is an understandable willingness on the part of the poorly paid help to share the visitors' wealth, but it certainly was not evident in the less rarefied air we breathed. On the contrary, we found everywhere a heart-warming friendliness on the part of utter strangers, who frequently went far out of their way to help

us with no thought of compensation.

Indeed, we were impressed by what seemed generally a more wholesome set of values than prevails at home. Europe has its share of the grasping and greedy, of course, but the goddess of success has far fewer worshipers in France and Italy and Austria than she has in America. Life is more leisurely; families seem closer and more intimate; and one is impressed by a quality of enjoyment of life that has not succumbed to the blandishments of television and the motor car.

Just before we left the United States, the National Association of Manufacturers had released a statement reporting how impressed a delegation of American workmen had been by the space set aside at the Fiat auto factory in Italy for the bicycles of its workers. What impressed the Americans, said the NAM a little smugly, was that none of the Fiat workers could afford to buy the very cars they produced.

The European worker cannot buy the car he helps produce, true enough, but what the story omits is the much more important fact that this deprivation does not seriously undermine his happiness. I think it must be borne in on any American traveler who deserts the beaten tourist tracks that on the item of quality of living, as distinguished from standard of living, the Europeans have a great deal to teach us.

Another story that seemed wide of the mark was that of widespread hostility to Americans, which we had heard from many sources. Hostility to America's foreign policy there is throughout Western Europe, but so far at least the Europeans have kept clear the distinction between policy and people. Over and over, from the innkeeper who devoted half his day off to showing us the sights of his little town, from the businessman who saw us struggling with a map and promptly volunteered to show us around The Hague, from the French director of a refugee-training center who closed his desk on a moment's notice to spend an hour taking us through his establishment, we heard the words repeated: "I like Americans." Americans are "good fellows," they said, friendly, genuine, likeable. Only in Western Germany, where the ill-conceived non-fraternization policy and immature occupation troops, concerned chiefly with black marketeering and women, have left a bad taste in the German mouths, did we see any evidence of hostility at all. The America of generous help to those in trouble, the America of the friendly, serious-minded young traveling student, has still an enormous reservoir of good will among the common people of Western Europe. Were America to translate its generosity and vitality into the field of foreign policy, it could still mobilize enormous support in a drive for real democracy and peace.

No Hysteria in Europe

But it is in this area of policy that we puzzle and disturb Europe most, and in which the most shattering differences in attitude become quickly evident to the American visitor. We had left an America that, in early May, had a bad case of the war jitters. Few Americans would have been greatly surprised —or would be greatly surprised today—were general war to break

out at any moment. We had left an America whose handful of Communists are at their lowest ebb of popular support since the early 'thirties, but many of whose citizens nevertheless seem to be convinced that the entire American system is riddled with Communists who are only waiting orders from Moscow to overturn the government.

We landed in a Europe geographically vulnerable to any Russian attack that might be launched, and with a Communist strength that in France, Belgium, and Italy amounts to almost a third of the total vote, but that nevertheless is impressively calm on the issues of both war and communism. Even in Vienna hundred miles deep in the Russian Zone and with only a slender corridor connecting it with the West, the people wanted to know what on earth was so upsetting the Americans!

Do Not Expect War

The Europeans generally do not expect war in Europe—not in the near future, at least. They do not expect it for several reasons. For one thing, they do not believe it to be Russian strategy to expand westward by military means, nor to attempt to engulf and absorb a hostile Western Europe. The Soviets are having a hard enough time absorbing the countries that are already their satellites, they say grimly, without taking on another 200 million dissidents. Moreover, they add, the Russians' analysis of the nature of capitalism makes eventual victory only a matter of time anyway, after an economic collapse that will drop Western Europe into the Communist basket like a ripe plum. The coup in Czechoslovakia they explain in terms of the Russian fear of invasion and desire to set up a circle of "buffer states," and they point to Finland, which has not been absorbed, to demonstrate their point. Finland, they say, cannot now be used as a base for hostile moves against the Soviet Union and therefore keeps its political independence.

Europeans also do not believe that Russian recovery has come anywhere near the stage necessary to support a major war. Americans, they say, simply do not appreciate the extent of the destruction and death visited on Russia or the enormous efforts needed simply to get back to where they were in 1941. Nor do Americans realize, they said, the deep-rooted desire for peace among the war-racked Russians, who greet with enthusiasm the Soviets' current "peace offensive."

How accurate is this analysis of Soviet intentions, which runs strongly counter to most of the thinking in this country, we had of course no way of determining, but it was remarkably universal, repeated with only slight variations by most of those with whom we talked.

Europe's Fatalism

Universal also, however, is a feeling of helplessness that amounts almost to fatalism. Western Europeans do not discount the struggle between East and West. Their "optimism" about war is only in terms of its imminence. Even though, having gone through the dreadful experiences of war so recently, they cannot imagine anyone now seriously contemplating another, they recognize the war-breeding aspects of the present

situation. In the face of it, they feel utterly helpless. The seats of power are elsewhere; Western Europeans feel themselves pawns in the struggle between the mammoths of East and West. "The decisions," said one German, "will be made in Washington and Moscow, and will be carried out on us."

A footnote to this is the widespread feeling that was stated explicitly by a Dutch pacifist. "We feel," he said, "that if there is any immediate danger of war, it comes from the United States and its growing preoccupation with what it calls 'preventive war.'"

All of this might suggest that non-Communist Western Europeans take too comfortable an attitude toward the threat to freedom implicit in Stalinism. That did not seem to be the case.

The Communist Struggle

In France and Italy, where the Communist parties habitually take 30 percent or more of the total vote, Communists and non-Communists are engaged in a vigorous struggle. We were in both countries at the climax of a hard-fought election campaign. Walls, fences and buildings were plastered with vivid, hard-hitting posters. Posters showing Stalin as a cat sitting outside the birdcage of Western Europe; posters proclaiming that "a vote for the Communists is a vote for Russian occupation"; posters showing Stalin leaning out of a heavily armed Russia to rebuke the puny rearmament of Western Europe; posters listing the "broken promises" of communism. And within twenty-four hours the Communists would have superimposed their own stickers on the posters, so that now a vote for the Communists became a vote to "keep the Americans in America," and the Russian arsenal poster was flanked by a map showing "American military bases all over the world." During the same period, *L'Humanité*, the Communist newspaper in Paris, devoted a special issue, widely advertised, to "the American occupation of France."

At the same time, it must also be recorded that the majority of those with whom we talked in these countries, including several well-informed pacifists, were convinced that if the Communists did come to power they would have a government "more French than Communist." The French and Italian national character is far too different from the Russian, and the kind of culture and civilization too advanced, they argued, to permit the establishment of a Russian-type communism.

Except in the Communist press, the results of both the French and Italian elections were interpreted as anti-Communist victories. There seems real reason to doubt the accuracy of that interpretation, even though in Italy the Communists lost control of several of the cities they had previously won. In terms of popular vote, the Communists lost very slightly, and in Italy showed gains at several points.

Dependence on U. S.

The economic dependence of Western Europe on the United States, which is complete, carries with it inevitably a major degree of political subservience. The result is that political campaigns are waged almost entirely on the level of the current preoccupation of the United States—opposition to Russia—and hardly at all on the prob-

lems that are the major preoccupations of the masses: unemployment, low wages and high prices, redistribution of the land, and the like.

Political strategy is oriented around the need of the anti-Communists to stay in power. This leads to the kind of political trickery that abolished proportional representation in France and set up in both France and Italy alliances among several parties that had in common only their anti-communism and their willingness to go along with United States policy. Such alliances keep the "democratic" parties precariously in the saddle, but make impossible any genuine domestic program that would meet the needs of the people.

Unemployment High

There are millions of unemployed in France and Italy, and wage levels are very low throughout Western Europe. Of 3½ million "pensioners" in Italy, half get 3,000 lira or less a month, with the free exchange rate at about 650 lira to the dollar. (Another 3½ million are listed as "paupers," who get only the actual necessities of existence.) Two million are unemployed, and three million more partially employed, in a country of only 46 million population. Italian clerks average about 50,000 lira ($77) a month, and teachers 40,000 ($62). Parisian transport workers recently won—through a strike that was promptly labelled "Communist"—a raise in minimum wages to 14,000 francs a month, about $40. Workers in Holland's rural areas average 35 to 45 guilders a week, and in the cities from 50 to 60, with the guilder worth about 28c.

Some adjustment must be made in these figures because of the relatively low prices, dollar-wise, but even that adjustment does not begin to bring these incomes up to what would be considered in this country even a decent minimum standard of living.

Only ECA money keeps the continent going, and that, say the Europeans who seem to know, is going disproportionately into the pockets of the very rich. Vast fortunes are being newly created in Germany, France and Italy in the midst of misery. The ECA, say the Europeans, is like a program of blood transfusion unaccompanied by any attempt to find the source of the original infection. They appreciate the blood, but they fear the supply will run out with the disease still unchecked. And even while it continues, the Communists showed gains in the popular vote in Italy and great strength in France, the fascist Gaullists in France polled the largest number of votes of any party, and the neo-fascists in Italy showed an alarming growth in strength.

Germany and Austria

Certainly where they are in close contact with Communist-governed countries there is no disposition on the part of Western Europeans to discount the menace of communism as a way of life. In Western Germany, racked as it is with economic and political miseries and deeply hopeful of remaining uncommitted to either of the belligerents, there is little Communist strength. Indeed, one of the very real problems in Western Germany lies in the inability of the people to express their overwhelming opposition to remili-

tarization without strengthening Communists, now that all major parties except the Communists have climbed on the American bandwagon.

Even more remarkable is Austria, whose capital Vienna is under four-power control deep in the Russian Zone, but whose Communist Party polls only 5 percent of the vote, with less than that in the areas actually under Russian control.

In these areas the people are too near to the reality of Communist terrorism and repression to be under any illusions about it. And this is something that must be noted down carefully, because it is something that we had hoped not to find. We had hoped to hear that the stories of life under the Communists had been greatly exaggerated by American propaganda, and it was a shock to find that not the case. But on the basis of the numerous talks, in Germany and Austria, with pacifists and churchmen and students who go in and out of the Communist areas frequently, we had to conclude that, in Eastern Germany at least, the terror and repression are very nearly as bad as the propaganda paints them.

The *Volkspolizei* in Eastern Germany, made up of the most ardent German Communists and supervised by the Russians only at the top levels, is hardly distinguishable from the Nazi Gestapo, they told us. The same pattern of sudden arrest in the middle of the night, of disappearance, and of the careful cultivation of suspicion and distrust, so that soon men fear to express dissent even in their own homes, has turned Eastern Germany apprehensively silent.

In Vienna we were guided around the city one day by a young college girl, intelligent, pacifist-minded, well-balanced. The instruction sheet handed us when we left the American Zone had warned us not to take photographs of Russian personnel, but when we saw a big red star with pictures of Lenin and Stalin over the entrance to the Russian commandant's headquarters we headed that way with one accord—we would at least ask the sentry for permission to get the colorful picture. But our guide demurred. And though she was embarrassed at our frank incredulity, she stayed adamant. We were not even to speak to the sentry. Why not? She was vague but determined. Nothing might happen, or anything might. We were Americans, and it would be dangerous. They would ask our names and address—we might disappear that night and not be heard of again.

It sounded ridiculous, but we yielded to her obvious alarm. When, later, we recounted the incident to another person, an informed pacifist, he looked at us soberly.

"She was right," he said, "I know how hard it is to believe, but people do disappear just like that."

Another Side, Too

So this is the black side of the Communist picture—this and the still-vivid memories the people of Vienna and Germany have of the terrible rapine and pillage and murder of the victorious Soviet troops when they drove the German armies back in 1945.* But

* It is only fair to note that the Soviet soldiers reached Austria and Germany filled with a desire for revenge for the terrible things the Nazis did to *their* villages and people. However, the self-defeating nature of war does not have to be labored with pacifist readers.

there is another side, too—one that is a not-subtle comment on the effect of American influence in Germany. We had it from Dr. Michaltsheff, in Hamburg, who, after confirming the stories of repression and terror, added: "But some of those who escape to West Germany—some of the best of them—go back after a while. They come to me and they say, 'No! It is no good here. Everything is corrupt. The people believe in nothing; the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. Over there, with all the terror and the poverty, there is a sense of working for something better. We are going back!' "

The story of two months in Europe can not possibly be complete in this brief space, but I must at least say something of the pacifists and their work there by way of preliminary to a subsequent article.

Small but Strong

Except in Britain and Holland, the pacifist groups in Europe are quantitatively small, but qualitatively great. The experience of meeting and talking to so many men and women who had been only names to us before was worth the trip in itself. These are people who can speak of pacifism with certainty. Their convictions have been tested under fire. On the continent they all had the experience of the occupation, and most of them spent months or years in prison or concentration camps. Many of them were in the resistance movement, on a nonviolent level, and were especially active in smuggling the Jews of Europe to sanctuary.

In France we met André and Magda Trocmé, at the new *Maison de la Reconciliation* in Versailles; René Bovard, of the International Liaison Committee of Organizations for Peace; Edouard Theis and his family at the College Cevenol in Le Chambon. In Belgium we had a day with redoubtable Philippe Vernier, immersed as always in new ways of helping the people who make up the mining area in which he worked. In Holland we had a long session with seven leading figures of the *Kerk en Vrede*, headed by J. B. Hugenholtz and Hannes de Graaf, as well as an afternoon at the Werkplaatz Children's Community school of Kees Boeke, one of the most remarkable examples of pacifism in action either of us had ever seen.

In Italy the high spot was Professor Giovanni Pioli, the old pacifist pioneer who was dismissed from his teaching post and very nearly imprisoned twelve years ago for demonstrating against the war in front of Mussolini's palace, and who still has not been reinstated though his fascist-collaborator colleagues, removed at the end of the war, have got their old jobs back with compensation for time lost!

And in Germany, Austria and England we met them and talked with them, the stalwarts of pacifism, vigorous and undismayed in the face of experiences and difficulties that we here in America have only read about.

But perhaps one of the secrets of their vigor, and their sense of urgency, lies in the very experiences that Europe has had: the appalling waste and destruction and sorrow whose reminders are everywhere. All over both the Continent and England it was born in on us how little America really knows of modern war. Especially is this true

in Germany, for the sight of whose broken cities the most vivid descriptions and photographs are not adequate preparation. Our entrance to Germany was through the Ruhr, and the sight of its devastated industrial cities overwhelmed us. But it was not till we saw Cologne—and, later, Kassel and Hamburg—that we really could measure the intensity of the destruction poured out by the Allies' big planes indiscriminately on industries, stores and homes. We took picture after picture in Cologne, hoping that the sequence of shattered walls and gutted churches would convey by their repetition a sense of the completeness of the horror, but they do not. It is only as one walks block after block after block through utter ruin that was the heart of a great city a decade ago, or looks across an expanse of weeds and young trees that have sprung up in the still-uncleared rubble of a major shopping center, that the nature of modern war comes really clear. And seeing this, it becomes incredible that anyone else who has seen it—and much less those who live with it—can seriously contemplate another war, for whatever reasons.

The Reminders of War

These reminders of war were with us through most of the trip: ugly concrete pillboxes and fortifications erupting suddenly in a peaceful pasture; the bullet-scarred houses of a village that had been an "objective" worth a thousand young lives; the sudden sign pointing down a side road to a military cemetery.

It was in one of these last that we had the most moving experience of the trip, and one that was all the confirmation anyone could need of the overwhelming importance of the work of peace today. At Arezzo, Italy, we happened on a British military cemetery, with some three thousand neat, orderly graves. The cemetery was beautifully kept, lovely with brilliant flowers and close-cropped emerald lawn, but what sent us both away with brimming eyes and choked-up throats were the short sentences of farewell graven on the stones, sent by the wives and children and parents of the young who had died there.

These were none of the well-rounded clichés of the poet who never got near the battle, nor the resounding periods of the political leader safe in Whitehall and Washington, but the simple dignity of human grief almost too great to bear. One after the other they stood, long row after long row, and we read them until our eyes were too full to see any more.

"My beloved John," read one, "to the world a soldier—to me the world." And another—"My darling husband and Joan's daddy—he gave the best that he had to give, his life." And another by a grief-stricken father, who wrote simply: "What is there to say of a life that never had a chance to be lived?"

Which seems a fitting warning to hold up to a world of parents and children moving hypnotically down the road to total destruction: What is there to say of a life that never had a chance to be lived?

George Houser writes about Europe's pacifists during the war and since, in "Tested, and Not Found Wanting!" in a forthcoming issue.

London Letter

By VERA BRITTAIN

THIS SUMMER, during the pleasant sunny weather which has followed a cold and belated spring, the atmosphere of Festival England has changed in a fashion which no one would have predicted when a centenary successor of the Great 1851 Exhibition was first proposed.

If you had been here then, you would have heard skeptical questions on every side. "Why a Festival?" people were asking. "We're not at the top of the world as we were a hundred years ago; we're poor, and seemingly chained to austerity for ever. All our best products are marked 'For export only,' and after six years we're still recovering from the effects of a second war and preparing for a third. So what is there to celebrate? Why a Festival?"

All the same, the idea proved to be organic, and grew. The thought of creating beauty and enjoyment for visitors to Britain when British prospects seemed to be at their blackest appealed to the national sporting instinct. Of course there were the usual pessimists who prophesied that this experiment in hope would end in bankruptcy and disaster, and at first the numerous strikes, the hushed-up suggestions that national funds were being misused, and the interminable sea of mud which flowed like lava all over the site of the Battersea Pleasure Gardens, appeared to justify their darkest predictions. But if you were here today, you would find that these gloomy forecasts have vanished like morning mist, and are not even remembered.

The desire to have a party is one of the earliest and strongest of human instincts; once it is roused no power on earth can prevent the citizens of any country from following the flags, music and fireworks.

Out of the original inspiration Festivals of all kinds have come into being, some cultural and intellectual, others frankly designed to satisfy the primitive passion for a funfare. The South Bank Exhibition, with its imaginative Dome of Discovery and giant Skylon like a steel pencil pointing confidently heavenwards, stands at the centre of the scheme, though you would find the biggest crowds in the Festival Pleasure Gardens. Visitors with more specialized tastes have been able to satisfy them at the Exhibition of Science in the South Kensington Science Museum, the Book Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum showing Britain's contribution to literature from Chaucer to Shaw, and the East-End Exhibition of Architecture in the district now called "Lansbury" after England's greatest pacifist statesman.

The Festival spirit has, of course, gone far beyond London. Apart from the travelling exhibitions visiting Britain's leading cities by land, and also by sea in the Festival ship "Campania," you could explore an Exhibition of Industrial

Power in Glasgow, a' Farm and Factory Exhibition at Belfast, and an Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts in Edinburgh. Appropriate centres all over the country have staged Festivals of the Arts; you could take your choice of the plays and pageants being performed in Cathedral cities such as Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, York, and Norwich, or of the Festival of British Contemporary Music at Cheltenham Spa, or the Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts which centres round the home and work of another pacifist, Benjamin Britten; or the Festival of Music and Worship at St. David's, Pembrokeshire. Here a long narrow lane leads between high flower-covered banks to the small Cathedral, which looks toward the sunset from the farthest westen point of Wales.

It goes without saying that some of Britain's greatest figures have inspired special Festivals associated with their names. You would confidently and correctly guess that we should stage a Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, but you might not have predicted the celebration of John Bunyan's life and work by the reconstruction and official reopening of the old Moot Hall on Elstow Green associated with his Bedfordshire childhood, or the numerous performances of *The Pilgrim's Progress* which have ranged from the elaborate production of Vaughan Williams' Opera at Covent Garden to village renderings in Memorial Halls or reconstructed barns. Charles Dickens too has had his Festival Pageant at Rochester in Kent, while the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition at Abbey House in London's Baker Street celebrates the fame of Conan Doyle through his best-known fiction character.

Not only cities and villages, but castles, priories, industrial institutions, and churches conscious of their history, have organized their individual Festivals. You could visit the Woburn Park Exhibition opened to the public by the Duke of Bedford, the Pageant and Festival at Egremont Castle in Cumberland, the 50th Anniversary Exhibtion put on by the Bournville Trust in their Quaker Garden Village on the outskirts of Birmingham, or the St. Martin's Festival Exhibition which daily draws large crowds to the Crypt of Dick Sheppard's church in Trafalgar Square. Here the eight centuries of the Church's history are pictorially presented on screens, and a booklet, *The Story of St. Martin's*, which I wrote at the present vicar's request, is sold in aid of the parish funds.

At the functions arranged for gaiety rather than education, some of the simplest and brightest features have been the most successful. The falling red, green, and silver stars of the first Fireworks display at the Festival Gardens brought so large a crowd of cars, prams, and pedestrians to the opposite side of the river that the usually quiet evening Embankment in front of our house resembled Margate Pier. Amid the innumerable booths in the Gardens themselves, one long queue is always waiting to watch the creation of a huge plastic bubble impervious to pins or lighted cigarettes, and another stands in line to purchase brightly-colored pocket combs inscribed with a personal name. Four Indian guests whom I recently took to the Gardens at once ordered a dozen, especially inscribed with names unfamiliar in England, to

give to their friends in Calcutta.

You may well ask me what general effect I have noticed here from this strange combination of cultural effort with the mental and emotional equivalent of Southend or Coney Island. One undoubted consequence has been a gradual rise of national spirits, accompanied by a marked change in conversation.

A year ago we were all talking about the Third World War certain to develop out of the conflict in Korea. Even last spring, when the March mud was doing its worst in Battersea Park, we still saw ourselves as the radioactive wreckage left over from a global clash between the United States and the Soviet Union. Yet somehow, since the various Festivals began in May, wars past, present and to come have gradually vanished as conversational topics. So have shortages, rising prices, and the meat-ration; a rejuvenated public appears to calculate that, if it is going to be ruined, it might as well first listen to a concert conducted by Sir Adrian Boult in the Festival Hall, or join the coach-loads screaming in scared delight as they plunge up and down the Giant Dipper.

I do not imagine that the Festival organizers really intended to banish the philosophic acceptance of continuous war which had become chronic among the British people, but that in fact is what they have done. The Festival of Britain has restored to us our consciousness of beauty and achievement, curiosity and fun; and we contemplate our future from a new perspective.

Strength for These Days—

The Two Paths to Peace

By HOWARD H. BRINTON

As the modern world becomes more secularized men are losing their inner sense of unity with one another. Unless that inner sense is restored through religion, which is the only way by which it can be restored, society will continue to fall apart and conflicts to increase.

Unity based on religion is an organic unity whereby men share in the one Divine Life somewhat as the members of a living organism share in one biological life. In modern times this type of unity has been largely replaced by a mechanical unitedness based on common interests or common ideologies.

Sociologists believe that men work together when they have common interests and oppose one

another when they have different interests. This is true as far as it goes, but such a unity is shallow and unstable. This is a unity made by man. It can be destroyed by man. But religious unity arises from the very foundation of human existence. It can be discovered but not created or destroyed.

In religious unity all are branches of the one Vine; the same life-giving sap flows through us all. Cut off from the Vine we wither and die. In the secular type of unity we are united like a faggot held together by an external force alien to our nature which can be cut or broken. In the religious type of unity we are united at the common center as are the radii of a circle. The nearer we approach our center the nearer we come to one another. In the secular kind of unity we are together if we happen to be moving in the same direction like leaves blown by the wind.

God creates life. Man creates machines. God-created unity is as superior to man-created unity as a living body is superior to a machine. If in a living body one part is injured the whole seeks to restore it peacefully from within. In a machine the whole is indifferent to the part. If the part is broken it must be replaced from without before it wrecks the whole.

Unity among men based on a genuine experience of religion is a unity based on insight which apprehends directly the One Divine Life by which men are inwardly bound together. This is apparent even in primitive tribal religions. Secular unity is based either on reason or on authority or on both —on reason if we believe that our best interests are served by unity rather than conflict; on authority if we are compelled by law or personal domination to cooperate.

The search for peace is a search for unity. The religious search and the secular search are both indispensable. They supplement each other, but the religious search will result in a deeper, more basic, more secure type of peace than that attained through the secular search. The religious sense of the unity of all men everywhere, including those who consider themselves enemies, has its source at the roots of our being, while the secular unity floats insecurely on the surface of our minds. The former is based in the depths of our souls, the latter in those ideas with which we adjust ourselves to our environment. Accordingly, in a time of crisis, when powerful external forces are brought to bear on the individual, the religious pacifist is not so readily moved by the spirit of the mob as is the secular pacifist. The house built on sand, according to the parable, did not resist the storm and flood but the house built on rock survived. The rock was reached by digging deep.

God does not reveal himself to us as one force among others but as the Power that unites. In the New Testament the Eternal Christ appears as God's uniting power. In Christ, writes Paul, "all things hold together." (Col. 1:17) "He is our peace who has made us both one and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility." (Eph. 2:14) And John writes in his letter, "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship with one another." (I John 1:7)

Unless we can restore that most ancient sense of unity which men have in God, society will continue to disintegrate and tensions will more and more frequently result in war.

Radical for Peace

The Story of André Trocmé

By CONSTANCE MUSTE

WORD had reached the prison ahead of him, by the mysterious grapevine that penetrates the thickest walls, that the Vichy police were bringing him there. Just then the prison population consisted mostly of Communists—almost 400 of them—and they knew who he was. He was pastor of a little Huguenot church in Le Chambon, a small town in southern France, and founder of the College Cevenol—and he was the leader of the Underground there which had already managed to hide hundreds of Jews and political refugees, and to put some of them across the border into Switzerland.

André Trocmé turned out to be "tall, gracious, prophetic, impassioned," as Elmore McKee has described him. A pacifist who never wavered from his trust in pacifism as a thing to live by, a Christian whose deep and abiding faith had been the stay and inspiration of his congregation even when the seeming recklessness to which his passion for brotherhood and his hatred of violence carried him sometimes stung them into opposition, the activities that had brought him to prison were the direct expression of his philosophy of life. The Vichy police had determined to put an end to his work, and arrested him for his refusal to surrender the Jews into their hands. Arrested with him was his co-pastor, co-founder of the College Cevenol, Edouard Theis, likewise a pacifist.

The pacifists and the Communists had plenty of time to talk over their respective points of view, and at the request of some of the Communists Trocmé conducted a Bible class in prison. One of the Communist leaders, talking to him one day, told him that they agreed that the Christian ideal, including pacifism, was the way everyone should live—and it was the way they would live, he said, after the revolution, in the Marxist state. But as things were now, it was impractical.

The imprisonment of Trocmé and Theis was highly unpopular, and after a few weeks the police offered to release them if they would swear an oath of allegiance to Marshal Petain and pledge not to continue to work and talk against the government. They refused, to the amusement of the Communists, who urged them to sign and get out, then continue their work. Before they had been in for two months, however, they were released without signing the pledge.

The dilemma of war had confronted André Trocmé in many guises, beginning when he was a boy with World War I, when his German cousins fought his French brothers. His family lived in St. Quentin in northern France, which was held first by the French and English, then by the Germans, and

was only about twenty miles from the months'-long battle of the Somme that took place in the summer of 1916. Within him conflicted the patriotism for which he climbed a tree before the Germans marched in to tie a French flag in the topmost branches, and the boyish idealism that made him dream of going to meet the invaders with a white flag and saving his family from injury by his Christian bravery. His friendship with some of the German soldiers, the sickening experience of living in a hospital town just behind the battle line, his disillusion with the drunken revelry of the celebration of a victory he thought of in idealistic terms, made him reconsider his youthful understanding of war. Contact with a group of young French men and women who were trying to think through the implications of their Christian belief and to live more closely in accord with it also gave him some new insights.

Two years after the war he entered theological seminary in Paris. While he was there he heard Oliver Dryer of England speak about the Fellowship of Reconciliation and its principles. There, too, he met Henri Roser, a missionary student well known for his spiritual and intellectual authority, who had resigned his commission as a reserve officer in the French army and renounced war forever.

When Trocmé was called for his military service he was torn by doubts. What he had heard and seen had impressed him much, but there was no provision for conscientious objection in French law, and no one was known who had refused to serve. He hoped to be given noncombatant duties, but was assigned to an Infantry Company; and when he tried to express his scruples, his officers refused to hear them. Finally a friend who worked as a clerk in the Company office proposed him as a geographer and, by luck, he received his transfer and left for Casablanca in Morocco, after a violent malediction from his commander.

When he joined his new unit, whose job was to make a map of Morocco, he found to his disappointment that they were to be equipped with rifles for defense against the Arab tribesmen. After thinking it over, he went quietly to the storehouse and turned in his rifle and ammunition. The next day the little party of twenty-five men under the command of a distinguished military engineer, a lieutenant in the French army, left Rabat.

A week later the lieutenant held a review. As he came to Trocmé he inquired about his arms.

"I have none."

"Did you not receive a rifle and 250 cartridges?"

La Maison

The picture of André Trocmé that appears on the front cover was taken in the garden of the Maison de la Reconciliation by Alfred Hassler when he was in Europe in June. André and Magda Trocmé have done a Herculean job of transforming the Maison from a huge, echoing villa into a center for conferences and pacifist activity. On the first floor is a large kitchen, a dining room and a big meeting room; on the second three big rooms and several smaller ones to be used as dormitories for conference guests, as well as a silent room for meditation. The third floor is the home of the Trocmé family.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

Trocmé exhibited his receipt from the storehouse, and explained his Christian pacifist position. The lieutenant, very angry, ordered him to report to him in his tent.

In the tent the lieutenant faced him.

"I cannot discuss your pacifist position," he said. "This is a matter of conscience, and I am not a Christian, but," he added, "you must understand what our real situation is. We are twenty-five men with only twenty-four rifles. If, tomorrow, we are attacked by the Arabs, one single rifle might decide the battle. Twenty-five men in the desert are dependent on one another like twenty-five sailors on the sea. If we lose a battle, you may have determined our defeat. If we are attacked, whether we are beaten or victorious, I shall have to have you court-martialled for deserting the colors in the presence of the enemy. If we are not attacked—since I cannot send you back alone to Casablanca— I will forget that you came without your weapons."

Trocmé tried to explain that he could not kill.

"You may be responsible for the death of your comrades," retorted the lieutenant. "If you are a conscientious objector you should have told the authorities before being drafted. Instead, you have let them believe they could count on you."

Trocmé was convinced. From that moment he knew that, in the future, he must refuse to be drafted, whatever the consequences.

The little party travelled for several months, over mountains and deserts. The work was interesting, the adventure thrilling, and Trocmé enjoyed living in tents and climbing to the summits of unexplored mountains. One evening they were fired on by Arabs, but by great good luck they were quartered in a desert fort, and the danger was so negligible that the lieutenant considered it unnecessary to return the fire. By such a narrow margin Trocmé was spared from court martial and probable execution.

Back to Seminary

When his two years of Army duty were up, Trocmé went back to the Paris seminary, and then to Union Theological Seminary in New York. There he met Magda Grilli, an Italian girl who was studying at the New York School of Social Work, and they later married. They went to do evangelization work among the miners in the north of France, and worked there for eight years; then went to the little Huguenot church in the village of Le Chambon in Haute-Loire.

The period of Trocmé's stay at Le Chambon, which lasted from 1933 to 1946, embraced years of great achievement and years of violent strain and stress. In 1938 he and Edouard Theis founded the College Cevenol in Le Chambon, an international, coeducational secondary school, with a religious orientation. From its founding with 18 children it grew to be a deservedly well-known and highly regarded institution with 350 students representing 14 nationalities, and it not only weathered the difficult war years and the lean postwar time, but grew in the meantime.

The war years brought dangers for a man who would not lay aside his principles. Trocmé publicly de-

nounced the cruelties of the Maquis, as well as of the Vichy regime. The town of Le Chambon became a sanctuary for Jews and anti-Nazi refugees, who were hidden in the houses or the surrounding woods. In the course of the war several thousand refugees were hidden, or smuggled into Switzerland, and when, in 1943, the police arrested Trocmé, they overlooked the German Jewish woman in the cellar and the man in the attic.

Some time after Trocmé and Theis had served in prison, a collaborationist French policeman was murdered by the Maquis, and Le Chambon was tense with the expectation of reprisals. Word came from the underground that the Gestapo intended to kill Trocmé in retaliation. He took to the woods, hiding out for ten months with a succession of friendly farmers, and keeping one jump ahead of the police. Theis was also forced to go into hiding, and volunteer ministers and teachers carried on the school and the church, keeping in touch with them as best they could. When the Gestapo took over a hotel filled with refugees, Magda smuggled herself in as a waitress to receive the wills of the men who, she knew, would be executed. One of them she even managed to rescue.

I.F.O.R. Secretary

In 1946 Trocmé, who speaks French, German and Enlish fluently, followed his conscience into another difficult job, and became the European Secretary of the International FOR, crossing and recrossing frontiers as he spreads the gospel of peace. In 1950 he and his family moved from Le Chambon to La Maison de la Reconciliation in Versailles, outside of Paris. The Maison was built by Louis XVI, one of two "Mills of Peace" where grain was to be ground to feed the starving populace. Louis' expedient proved insufficient, however, and the revolution followed.

"Our dream," says Magda Trocmé, "is that the house at Versailles should become the beating heart of French pacifism." Groups which comprise widely varying religious and political backgrounds come there, and the Trocmés work to bring these different people and groups to an understanding of one another's points of view, and of pacifism as they deeply believe in it.

Pacifist Movement Small

The pacifist movement is small on the continent of Europe. Most countries have had conscription for over 100 years, and in most of them still there is no provision for conscientious objectors. A man who refuses military service undergoes imprisonment under terrible conditions, and may be sentenced again and again. But the calibre of these men and women, who have come to their faith where its adherents are very few, and who have held it through the terrors of war, occupation and persecution, is very high. Their steadfastness is a flame in the great darkness that threatens to engulf the world.

We have tried to re-educate ex-Nazi Germany, and have failed because we looked down on the Germans and they resented it. To reconquer, we must be humble—we cannot, only increase good works—the more we do the more we are self-satisfied and the more they hate us.

—André Trocmé

Imprisonment of Non-Registrants Continues

Jim George was sentenced to three years in prison by Judge Carter in Los Angeles on July 9. The two counts on which he was convicted were failure to fill out a questionnaire and refusal to report for induction, and he was given three years for each, but the sentences are to run concurrently. The case will be appealed.

Kenneth Champney of Yellow Springs, Ohio, received a five-year sentence on June 12 in the court of Judge Robert R. Nevin for "refusing and evading service in the armed forces." About thirty friends and supporters from Yellow Springs and the surrounding area attended the trial, and his parents, Ava and Horace Champney, and wife, Peggy Champney, supported him throughout.

Robert H. Tyrell, a member of the Church of the Golden Rule in San Francisco, was sentenced to three years in prison by Judge Michael J. Roche in San Francisco on May 23. He was charged with refusal to report for induction.

Robert Starkweather was sentenced to 30 months in prison by Judge John C. Brown in Seattle, Washington, on May 31 for refusal to report for induction.

Richard Morgan Cameron, Jr., of Concord, Massachusetts, who graduated from Haverford College in June, was sentenced on June 22 to a year and a day in prison for failure to report for induction. Cameron, who had registered but later came to the nonregistrant position and refused to fill out a questionnaire or cooperate in any other way with the conscription act, was sentenced in the court of Judge James P. McGranery in District Court in Philadelphia. He was supported by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Morgan Cameron, and his wife, Constance Merrill Cameron, and his statement to the court and conduct generally impressed the court and those present with a deep respect for him. His statement follows in part:

"My refusal to cooperate with Selective Service, and to be inducted into the Armed Forces, arises from religious convictions not lightly held. . . . I feel that war is a denial of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. They are not museum pieces. They are eternal truths. When Jesus said 'Love your enemies,' he knew the power of love. He knew that love is stronger than hatred, fear and brute force. On the Cross he shows us that love is stronger than death.

"The world's suffering is too great; we are too close to the edge of total extinction to live in any

way except by the power of the love which God extends to all His sinning children. God help me, whether in prison or at liberty, whether alive or dead, I must so live. And I cannot, and go to war at the same time."

Raleigh Pickard who refused to register for the draft of doctors, was automatically registered on May 4, and on May 7 the charges against him were dismissed. He decided that he did not object to giving officials information necessary to fill out a draft card for him but that he himself would not sign it. Pickard and his family were in California, where he was studying to go to Korea for the Methodist Church as a medical missionary. Since he has been registered but it is impossible to go to Korea now, he has been assigned to India by the Methodists, who have obtained permission from his draft board in Alabama for him to go. He and his family will leave in September or October for a five-year term.

Bernard Primbsch of Sonoma, California, was arrested for refusal to submit to induction.

Keith M. Barnhart of Cloverdale, California, is out on bail for refusal to submit to induction.

Max Blalock Pardue, of Ronda, North Carolina, who was sentenced to two years in prison at the same time that his son, Max Frederick Pardue, received the same sentence, was released on May 21. His two-year sentence was changed to a three-year suspended sentence by Judge Wilson Warlick of Charlotte, North Carolina. Judge Warlick refused to reconsider the sentence of the son, who was convicted for refusal to submit to induction.

Leland Standing, who served eight months of an eighteen-month sentence for nonregistration in 1949, has been classified I-A by the Madison County, Iowa, draft board. He was registered by officials at Springfield Prison when he served his sentence there, and his questionnaire was filled out by the District Attorney.

Arthur F. Woldorf, Jr., 21, otherwise known as Ted, was arrested in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on July 6 for refusal to fill out a questionnaire. Ted was a member of the FOR Caravan in the summer of 1950, and had gone back to Lancaster to work and do what he could to follow up on the peace education work begun there by the Caravan.

The four *Doty brothers* of Bruno, Minnesota, now in Springfield, Mo., prison for refusal to register, have been put in segregation for refusing to work. A letter from Joel Doty, the oldest, says that he spent 11 days in the "hole" first, and then was transferred to segregation. He sleeps on a mattress on the floor, leaves the cell only twice a week for a shave and shower, and has no yard or other exercise. The guards, he says, have been very fair but do not seem to have any comprehension of the CO's logic or outlook on life in general. He is not refusing to work because of conditions in the prison but because of "general principles pertaining to my trial, the violation of Constitutional guarantees, civil rights, etc." This apparently grows out of the Dotys' general protest against conscription and the war-making activities of the government.

Gesture Made Toward Sufferers In India

Caroline F. Urie, FOR member and tax-refuser, has made what she calls an absurdly tiny effort which has met with disproportionate enthusiasm from the people of India with whom she made contact. Herself an elderly, arthritic cripple, she has for many weeks maintained a two-day weekly fast as what she calls a sort of atonement for the failure of her government to respond to the appeal of India for aid in the food crisis. As a result of her fast, she has saved money to send CARE parcels to India in care of an Indian professor, D. V. Gokhale of Poona, and asked him to find a compassionate individual who would distribute the food in the spirit of the gesture made.

The response to this effort revealed the need not only for food but for gift medicine packages to combat the serious epidemics that follow in the wake of famine. Letters informed her of the wide publicity given in India to her effort but urged her to discontinue her fast. Even though large-scale shipments of food have been going to India following her initial gesture, she was assured that there will continue to be Indian families, particularly students, who cannot get nutritive food, and babies of starving or ailing mothers who need tinned food and milk. She was told of people in some States in India who are sparing one meal a week for famine areas and it was suggested that this policy might be suitable for her.

Professor Gokhale, a disciple of Gandhi, is engaged in the project of furthering spiritual unity among people in all countries through participation in a regular twice-daily Universal Prayer for peace. He endeavors to secure signatures of those willing to share in such a spiritual exercise, hoping that this world-wide expression of peace sentiment may be a valuable spiritual support for a democratic assembly to draft a World Peace Plan under world law.

Dr. Gokhale has consented to act as recipient and distributor of food parcels. On the strength of this cooperation, Caroline Urie appeals to all people of goodwill to join in sending, individually and in groups, CARE parcels especially perpared for India.

Work for Liberal Assignments for COs

Some of the religious bodies affiliated with the National Service Board for Religious Objectors are working to have Selective Service recommend to the President a broad definition of CO assignments that will include relief work as an essential activity. The most recent revisions of the draft act provides that COs who have been classified IV-E may be assigned by their draft boards to "work related to the national health, safety, or interest," and it is this provision that, it is hoped, will be interpreted to include such activities as relief work.

Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, FOR member and Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale University, was elected president of the American Baptist Convention at its annual meeting in June.

Heifers for Relief Still Needed

The total of 11,500 animals sent to 19 war-torn countries to supply children with milk during the past seven years is declared only a beginning by Dan West, originator of the "Heifers for Relief" plan. Backers are now planning to embark on a ten-year program on a world scale.

Fourteen years ago when West was doing relief work in Spain for both sides during the civil war there, he recognized the need. He saw grassy slopes and heard crying babies and meditated that all that was needed were middlemen—cows. He knew that he and other Americans who had farms could furnish the cows.

In Washington he found encouragement for his scheme. The Department of Agriculture told him to get started; UNRRA agreed to furnish transportation. The Church of the Brethren first sponsored this project to promote the cause of peace. Heifers were collected and shipped to seaports where they were loaded on vessels in charge of volunteers who earned the title of "sea-going cowboys." Animals were sent to Italy, Poland, Germany and other war-torn countries and distributed first to the neediest families able to care for a cow. These in turn were asked to give their first heifer calf to another needy family. The project broadened to an inter-faith basis within two or three years. Sunday School children of all faiths donated dimes which otherwise would have been spent on candy and gum. Goats were substituted in countries where grass was scarce—notably Japan and Okinawa—but this project ceased with the Korean conflict.

West declares, "We want the world fed. So long as babies need milk, our job remains unfinished."

Korean Relief Pushed This Month

S. J. Res. 80 introduced by Senator Bennett, and later passed by Congress and signed by the President, authorizes the President "to proclaim a special period for intensified voluntary contributions of clothing and kindred supplies in connection with the collection effort of American Relief for Korea, Inc."

There are 2,900,000 registered refugees in Korea and additional millions estimated to be unregistered, and the Unified Command in Korea is supplying emergency food rations and medical care. Ten member agencies of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc., have set up an over-all national channel for the collection and transmission of clothing and kindred supplies to Korea, called American Relief for Korea, Inc. September has been designated by the President as a month for intensive efforts to collect gifts for this relief job.

ADVERTISEMENT

PECANS FOR SALE at regular market prices. Halves, pieces and unshelled nuts. Reduction on shelled orders of 10 pounds or more. Order now so we can arrange for adequate supply. Indicate what part of your order can be shipped after Christmas. Sold by Fairhope community of Peacemakers, who are advocating nonviolence and challenging segregation in the deep South. Write: Warren Stetzel or Lawrence Scott, Box 1448, Fairhope, Alabama.

Canadian FOR Families Launch Community

"Winterbrook Community" was started as a cooperative Friendship House 25 miles west of Toronto by two FOR families who hope to be joined by others and to make provision for one or two D.P. families. For several months weekend work groups have been busy transforming a large barn, on the 67 acres purchased by the Community, into an attractive retreat and weekend center. The opening in May of this year attracted visitors from distant parts. Many who came to look remained to labor. Evening discussions centered around "The Way of Reconciliation." Periods of quiet worship helped reveal the purpose for which the Center was developed. An opening ceremony included the presentation of a candelabra and the lighting of five candles to do honor to their "Godfathers," Michael Scott, Schweitzer, St. Francis, Gandhi and Jesus. Weekends for visitors were planned for summer and fall.

Peacemakers Witness at Iron Curtain

Four Peacemakers, all men who served prison terms for conscience' sake in their witness against war and conscription in this country, left New York on July 9 to carry a message to the people of Europe on both sides of the Iron Curtain, even to Russia itself, if possible. Their message was to urge in each country that the people themselves withdraw support from their own militarism and start a great contest in disarmament to put an end to the armaments race. The two months' project was undertaken in faith in spite of insufficient funds to conduct it even on a stringent economy basis. The men who participated were David Dellinger of Glen Gardner, New Jersey, Art Emery, Iowa Quaker, Bill Sutherland of New York City and Ralph DiGia, also of Glen Gardner Community.

Four Peacemakers Visit Puerto Rico

Concerned about the situation of Puerto Rico and its relation to the United States, three members of Peacemakers made a trip there during August and spent several weeks spreading their program of freedom for Puerto Ricans (and all colonial peoples) and for non-violence as the only right and sound approach for obtaining it.

The group investigated the various movements for independence, and also the policies of the United States and Insular Governments and their effect. They talked to a great many individuals in all walks of life to find out what people there feel about the situation, and also to spread the Peacemaker program.

The three who made the expedition were Ernest Bromley, chairman of the Tax Refusal Committee; Ralph Templin, professor of Sociology at Central States College, and former missionary to India; and Wallace Nelson, Cincinnati social worker who was leader of the FOR Interracial Workshop in Washington during July.

Bayard Rustin, College Secretary of the FOR, is still looking for a secretary.

British Doctors Form Peace Group

A group of doctors in Great Britain recently formed the Medical Association for the Preveniton of War. They believe that every member of a democratic society bears a part of the responsibility of determining whether peace is to be preserved, and that doctors in addition have a special interest by virtue of their chosen profession. The Association has therefore been formed to enable doctors to fulfill their professional responsibility in relation to the threat of a third world war, and its objects are:

1. To unite doctors in efforts to prevent a third world war;
2. To study the causes and results of war;
3. To examine the psychological mechanism by which people are conditioned to accept war as a necessity;
4. To consider the ethical responsibilities of doctors in relation to war;
5. To oppose the use of medical science for any purposes other than the prevention and relief of suffering;
6. To urge that the energies and money spent in preparation for war against man be directed into the fight against disease and malnutrition;
7. To seek the cooperation of all doctors having the same aims, in all countries.

War is a disease, and the greatest disease, said Dr. Duncan Leys, one of the founders of the Association. Like other diseases, he said, it carries on its injury to future generations, destroys moral values, and spreads panic in society.

Visit to Russia Seen Rewarding

The delegation of seven British Quakers that went on a good will mission to the Soviet Union during July felt that the trip had been "abundantly worthwhile," and that its contribution to East-West agreement had not been negligible.

In Russia the Quakers presented seven proposals for better East-West understanding to the Soviet government. Through Jacob A. Malik, Deputy Foreign Minister, the Soviet Government replied with a new statement of foreign policy, in which it disavowed intervention in other countries.

The primary purpose of the visit was to establish contact with the Soviet people.

Church Women Drive for Peace

A nationwide drive to enlist church women in a crusade for peace has been launched by the General Department of United Church Women of the National Council of Churches. They urge support of the United Nations, use of the country's "spiritual and material abundance" as weapons for peace, pledges by women to live democracy in their home towns every day, active dissemination of ideas directed toward peace, discussions with families, neighbors and friends, and sharing of this country's material and spiritual resources.

There will be intensive recruitment of women to give time and accept disciplines "comparable to the time given and discipline accepted by the youth preparing for war."

Assign CO Doctors to Civilian Work

The National Service Board for Religious Objectors reported that physicians who have religious scruples against service in the armed forces under the "doctors draft" will be liable to the same provisions of the new draft law as other conscientious objectors. This means that they will be liable to assignment by their local draft boards to two years of work contributing to the national health, safety or interest under civilian direction.

KPFA Returns to Air in Berkeley

Radio Station KPFA, a unique experiment in radio broadcasting, returned to the air in the Bay Area of California on May 18, a triumphant vindication of the thesis that radio listeners like good programs and that a station can survive without mortgaging itself to commercial advertisers.

KPFA first went on the air in April, 1949, offering classical and contemporary music, full-length dramas by Shakespeare, Euripides, Dickens, Eliot and others, children's programs of folk and classical music, drama and stories, public affairs discussions and outspoken comments on world affairs. The station broadcast no commercials, and was supported entirely by contributions, and the sale, at a price of $10 a year, of its program publication, *Folio*. Fifteen months later, in the summer of 1950, it went off the air for lack of funds.

A wave of protests immediately arose, from listeners, from newspapers, from organizations of all kinds. KPFA committees were formed all around the Bay, and a small campaign was conducted that fall which brought in enough funds to buy a new and more powerful transmitter that could reach a larger area, and enough pledges to justify planning for a permanent return to the air. The responses during the campaign, was approximately 1 in 3.5.

Now, KPFA is back on the air. More power to it.

Protest Japanese Remilitarization

During the summer, while discussion of the proposed treaty with Japan was widespread, protests from Japan against some of its provisions grew, although few of them received any publicity in the United States. Following earlier appeals by a group of Japanese women members of parliament, representatives of women's groups, and other groups and individuals, were those of a group of 34 missionaries to Japan, a Nichiren Buddhist monk, and a leading Japanese Methodist minister, one of three making a new translation of the Bible into colloquial Japanese.

All these statements expressed opposition to the possible remilitarization of Japan, either by its use as a base for American troops or by changing the clause in the Japanese Constitution that now forbids arming; and they called for the withdrawal of occupation troops. In the United States on September 4 pacifists held demonstrations to protest remilitarization.

Germans Interested in Tax Refusal Position

The personal commitment of tax refusers in this country was discovered by some German pacifists with excitement recently. Mrs. Gordon Parker of Colorado Springs, an FOR member who recently decided to withhold a portion of her income tax, wrote about it to a friend in Germany who had recently become a Quaker and who had written to Mrs. Parker of German pacifists' despair over rearmament and the trend of world affairs.

Mrs. Parker's friend replied: "The letter has gone away. I had a meeting in my room of several [pacifists and Quakers] and we spoke it over and over again what we could do against that rearmament and war psychosis. Then I read the passage from your letter about refusal of paying the whole income tax. Then that Hamburger [a pacifist from Hamburg] gripped that letter, within a second it had disappeared in his pocket. He'll keep it, not minding my imploring cries for return. 'Now I got something really brave, black ink on white paper, not a story, not a proposal, but something real. I'll show it to the workers, to teachers, to audiences at my meetings and others.' Your name is not abused, don't fear anything. But we are in such a despair that we grip to the smallest hope on our sinking ship. So I let the letter go. . . ."

The Boston *Herald* a few months ago carried an editorial urging amnesty for COs. "We wonder whether ordinary penal methods are useful against it (spiritual conviction) or are even moral," the editorial said in part.

Jottings

Kathy Nicholls, 22-month old daughter of FOR members Mr. and Mrs. Merritt D. Nicholls, was struck by a car and killed on May 24. The Nicholls have established a Kathy Nicholls Memorial Fund for refugee children with the American Friends Service Committee.

* * *

The Southwest Area of the FOR, of which Glenn Smiley is the Secretary, sponsored four Reconciliation Tours in Los Angeles to acquaint people with various world religions. They included Japanese Buddhism, Judaism, Shintoism and Hinduism and new world faiths.

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The Army announced on July 26 that it is ending racial segregation in the Far East command, and that within six months all Negro troops in Japan, Korea and Okinawa will be integrated at all levels of the Army.

* * *

A three-year experimental project in the field of social and technical assistance in India will be undertaken by the American Friends Service Committee, to be financed in part by a $150,000 grant from the Technical Cooperation Administration.

* * *

On three occasions recently attempts have been made in Congress to vitiate recent rulings of the Supreme Court that alien pacifists may become citizens of the United States even if they refuse to bear arms. None of the attempts has so far succeeded.

Books

Gandhi as Preceptor

Gandhi's Letters To a Disciple, with an introduction by John Haynes Holmes. Harper and Brothers, 1950. 231 pp. $2.50.

This is a collection of letters over a period of twenty-three years from Gandhi to an English-born woman disciple whose adopted Indian name is Mira Behn. She was the daughter of an English admiral named Slade, and grew up in English high society and court life. But she was too sensitive and fine for that sort of frivolity. Because of her love of Beethoven's music she visited a biographer of Beethoven, Romain Rolland, and through him she learned about Gandhi. Instantly she was sure that here was her leader for life. After a year of preparation she went out to India to join his ashram.

Gandhi tested her severely. She took it all like a good soldier and worked with utter devotion to him and his principles. Carrying out Gandhi's Hindu belief in the sacredness of cows and the importance of cattle to Indian agriculture, she is now managing a combined cattle breeding establishment and home for aged cows, next to the foothills of the Himalayas.

These letters show Gandhi's astonishing ability to carry on an almost daily personal correspondence with a friend in spite of the pressure of great public events and tremendous demands on his time and strength. In the letters we see his great interest in diet, for he believed that the body, like any fine tool in the hands of a craftsman, should be kept in most effective order. We see his attention to detail, his interest in experiments, his solicitousness about her health, his respect for the integrity of her thinking, his unwillingness to impose his ideas on her, insisting often that if she did not agree, she must oppose him strongly. He explains, of course, many of his beliefs and principles, as part of her training.

We think of him usually as a public character. That he was, to be sure, but his life was also full of many private, personal affections of which this is one interesting example. Those who want to know all they can about him will find this book valuable.

—Richard B. Gregg

Contagious Faith

Pillars of Faith, by Nels F. S. Ferre. Harper and Brothers, 1948. 128 pp., $1.50.

Written for the wide fellowship of thoroughly committed Christians, this small and persuasive volume represents some of the best writing of one of our most voluminous authors.

Here Ferre is met personally; his book produces the same effect in the reader which his contagious

faith produces in audiences which he addresses across the country. Here an eminent theologian is seen as evangelist with a witness which cannot fail of response from students, laymen, women's groups, as well as from those trained in the technicalities of theology.

The five pillars are Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the Bible, and the Christian Life. The basic views of each of these great realities are rooted in the classic Christian tradition; the style of presentation is fresh, the illustrative material is drawn from the common experiences of life. Every paragraph is loaded with the rigorous demand of the Gospel.

Taken altogether, the five pillars support a single faith and experience which creates new life in the individual and converts him into a creative member of the worldwide community which is the revealed design of God for humanity.

—GEORGE MILES GIBSON

In Germany

The Smoking Mountain: Stories of Post-War Germany, by Kay Boyle. McGraw-Hill, 1951. 273 pages, $3.50.

Many of those competent to judge consider Kay Boyle the most brilliant American short story writer of our day. Since 1946 she has lived in Germany, where her husband is an Occupation official. It is one of the evidences that dictatorship has not completely settled in the United States that she nevertheless felt free to write and publish these stories. One of them, as the publisher's blurb accurately states, is of "a party given by American occupation officials and their wives, . . . a graphic portrayal of the conquerors going to seed—from drink, from living too long in a small circle, from playing the role of the omnipotent in a land of bitterness and want." Other stories tell about the attitude of individuals and groups among the German people, the good and the bad, in what seems to an outsider at least a remarkably objective and truthful fashion.

But the main reason for reviewing this volume in FELLOWSHIP is the 77-page Introduction, largely

Practical Christianity Today

By DONALD SOPER

Thirty broadcast talks about Christianity and its application in everyday life. Conversational, delightfully easy to read, by the popular minister of Kingsway Hall Methodist Church in London, who spoke at the FOR National Conference this fall.

50c

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devoted to the description of the trial of a minor Nazi official, and by that device indicating how tyranny and militarism come to prevail over a people. It seems to me to hold an awful lesson for us.

Thus Kay Boyle tells of meeting a woman, a professor of philology, who after a time began to talk freely about the fate of the German Jews and such matters. "It was a gradual process," she began. She told of the first time the sign *Jews Not Wanted* appeared at the entrances to towns. "There was never any protest made about them," and after a few months "even the Jews who lived in the town walked past without noticing any more that they were there." Shortly thereafter worse things happened. But no one protested: "In fact, even among ourselves, there was very little said."

This woman took the "loyalty oath" to Hitler after her students urged her to do so on the ground that " in taking this oath . . . I was committing myself to nothing, and that I could exert more influence as a professor at the university than as an outcast in the town." How familiar that sounds! The professor said she now had a picture of Spinoza, a Jew, in her room and concluded: "Perhaps you will think that I did this ten years too late, and perhaps you are right in thinking this. Perhaps there was something else we could all of us have done, but we never seemed to find a way to do it, either as individuals or as a group—we never seemed to find a way."

It was in such an atmosphere that the Nazi Gestapo agent, Baab, whose trial Kay Boyle describes, could say; "If I used such expressions as 'Jewish bastard' or 'Jewish sow' it simply meant that such official language had become so much a part of my flesh and blood that I saw nothing unusual in it. I never used anything but spiritual weapons in dealing with offenders."

—A. J. Muste

Litany of Need

Deep Is the Hunger, by Howard Thurman. Harper, May, 1951. 212 pp., $2.50.

"God, I Need Thee" is a moving poem which centers Howard Thurman's meditations on *Deep Is the Hunger.* The litany of this need recurs to the end. Near the beginning we find these words: "No man is spared from this necessity; it es-

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York 16, N.Y.

tablishes a kinship among men that transcends language, creed, vocation, sex, color and all the temporary devices by which one man is separated from another."

These are meditations and not a book in the normal meaning of the word. I was reminded of "The Imitation" as I read the pages and wished I were not the reviewer so that I could take the book in small bites as you, who are what Thurman calls "Apostles of Sensitiveness," will read it. These are comments on the times of man—fresh as the newspaper—eternal as the love of God. They do not try to avoid despair. They never succumb to it.

Deep Is the Hunger is in itself daily bread to satisfy some of man's deepest hungers in a troubled world.

—Allan Knight Chalmers

How to Do It

The People Act, by Mary Blackford Ford. Social Action, April, 1951. 36 pp., 15c.

This is the answer to everyone who wants to know what, in the face of the huge and complicated problems, the great, dominating institutions, the individual can do. It gives the case histories of people who, in their own local communities, actually went to work on situations and conditions that needed changing and changed them.

The pamphlet is based on a radio series produced by the Twentieth Century Fund and the National Broadcasting Company. Research for the series was done by Elmore McKee, FOR member and former minister of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York, who went around the country, and into the homes of the people who were mak ing democracy work, to get thei stories. In each case some festerin problem, long ignored, aroused few people who went out anc sometimes against great oddi rallied the community to find remedy.

These are the seeds of democracy These people faced an issue, plan ned the solution, and stuck witt it to the finish.

—C. M

Church and Community

The Community and Christian Edu cation, by Tilford T. Swearinger Bethany Press, 1950. 159 pp $2.00.

This is a book designed to mak churches conscious of their com munity responsibilities. It assert that every aspect of communit life, politics, labor relations, race etc., is the business of the church and suggests ways of tackling com munity problems that face th church.

It overlooks the impact of wa upon the community, but lists al most everything else of a destruc tive nature in community life. Th introduction by Harold Stassen i fact urges the churches to emulat the unity that was fostered i American communities by the wa effort. Despite its failure to dea with the war problem in com munity life it should be quite help ful to church workers interested i reconciliation.

—J. M. S

The Miracle of Living, a book o poems by FOR-member Emil Greene Balch, who won the Nobe Peace Prize a couple of years ag has been published by Island Press

Letters

About the *Tribune*

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

In the June issue of FELLOWSHIP the notice taken of Ernest Fremont Tittle's book *A Mighty Fortress* consisted of a quoted one-sentence notice of the book published in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for February 10. The sentence concluded: ". . . a flaming prophet and champion of causes that are unpopular with the Chicago *Tribune* (and therefore apt to be just)."

FELLOWSHIP readers may be interested to know that the Chicago *Tribune* published an appreciative 400-word review of this book. *The Book Review Digest* quoted this review at greater length than any other review in any medium, and cited no newspaper review other than the *Tribune's*. Those who read the *Tribune* rather than repeating expressions of stereotyped prejudice know that both Tittle and the *Tribune* (and the Fellowship of Reconciliation) exercised their considerable influences on the same sides of the public controversies over intervention in World War II and over military conscription.

ALFRED C. AMES
Evanston, Illinois

Save the Children

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

My recent copies of FELLOWSHIP were defective. *Subheads* was missing. Please try to prevent any recurrence of this calamity.

You have never—to my knowledge—mentioned the "Save the Children Federation" in FELLOWSHIP. It seems to me that the Federation plan of having an individual American act as sponsor to a foreign child in a devastated land is helping to build peace too. And it gives the sponsor such a personal interest. Being a frail human being I find it hard to maintain an active concern in a peace movement with which I have little to do. But my interest is on tip-toes with excitement to hear how much weight *my* child has gained. I regret this failure to see the overall picture, but I'm honestly attempting to re-evaluate my notions.

If I wish to turn the other cheek when someone hits me, well and good, but is it not unfair to impose this plan upon others by refusing to stop their being hit if it takes violence on your part? I'm shaky here. A little girl in the school where I teach was dragged into a remote storeroom by a man who had lain in wait there. A scream brought others and routed him. But if it hadn't—I would have hit him with anything I could grab. And I think it would have been right. The fright and terror alone have marked her. I *could not* have let her life be subject to my pacifist notions. My mind has been in a turmoil of conflict since then about pacifism.

May I suggest a possible area for investigation? It seems to me that the vast civilian defense preparation in the schools needs to be hit and hit hard. Is the military reaching down to the kindergarten now? All teachers were required to take First Aid. (I refused, but fear I made an impression of subversive stubbornness rather than pacifism.) All children must be trained as to behavior, safe-

ty zones, etc., etc., etc. I was interested to hear from a friend who has been traveling around the country that each city, town, and hamlet has discovered its own importance to the war effort and is quite certain that it will receive the "first atom bomb." Here in Pittsburgh one big reason given for the extensive defense preparation has been that our steel mills will get the first bomb. "But," said my friend, "in Washington they are certain that the nerve center of the nation will be first. In Chicago it's the railroad center. Towns near hydroelectric plants, airplane factories, etc., etc., all *know* that the first bomb will hit them." Oh, dear.

ELIZABETH E. BEAVER
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

A memorial booklet dedicated to Charlotte Bentley has been issued by the Peace and Service Committee of the New York Friends, and may be obtained free by writing to them at 221 East 15th Street. Friends who would like to see a new edition published later may contribute to that, but the present one has been given by her family and friends.

* * *

Alex Stach, FOR member who studied in Czechoslovakia from 1948 to 1950, and was then ordered to leave by the Czech officials, is lecturing on his experiences and the situation in Czechoslovakia. His subjects are: Communist Czechoslovakia; American Student in Prague, 1948-1950; Social Changes Under Two Years of Communism. He speaks in English, Czech or Slovak.

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BOOKS—Make fine gifts. If they're pacifist books, they help the cause, too. Keep it in mind.

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FOR Field Secretaries

Midwest: Albert Watson, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; *Far West:* Orval Etter, 1941 Oregon Street, Berkeley 3, Cal.; *Southwest:* Glenn Smiley, Room 115, 213 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 12, Cal.; *Middle Atlantic:* Charles Walker, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Has all our theology of crisis and of denunciation merely brought us to the point at which because we are fallen sinners we can excuse ourselves for any sin however monstrous and diabolical? If so, let us repent of it and return to the liberalism which for all its tolerance never pretended that evil was good or that men could reject moral standards without abjuring Christ."

This is a brief sample of the exciting material in Charles Raven's new book, to be published on October 15 by Fellowship Publications.

The Theology of Christian Pacifism

By CANON CHARLES E. RAVEN

President of the British FOR, recently-retired master of Christ's College, Cambridge, Canon Raven visited this country last fall and spoke at the National FOR Conference, and in numerous theological schools and seminaries under the sponsorship of the Robert Treat Paine Foundation.

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